

LILIAN POLKA.

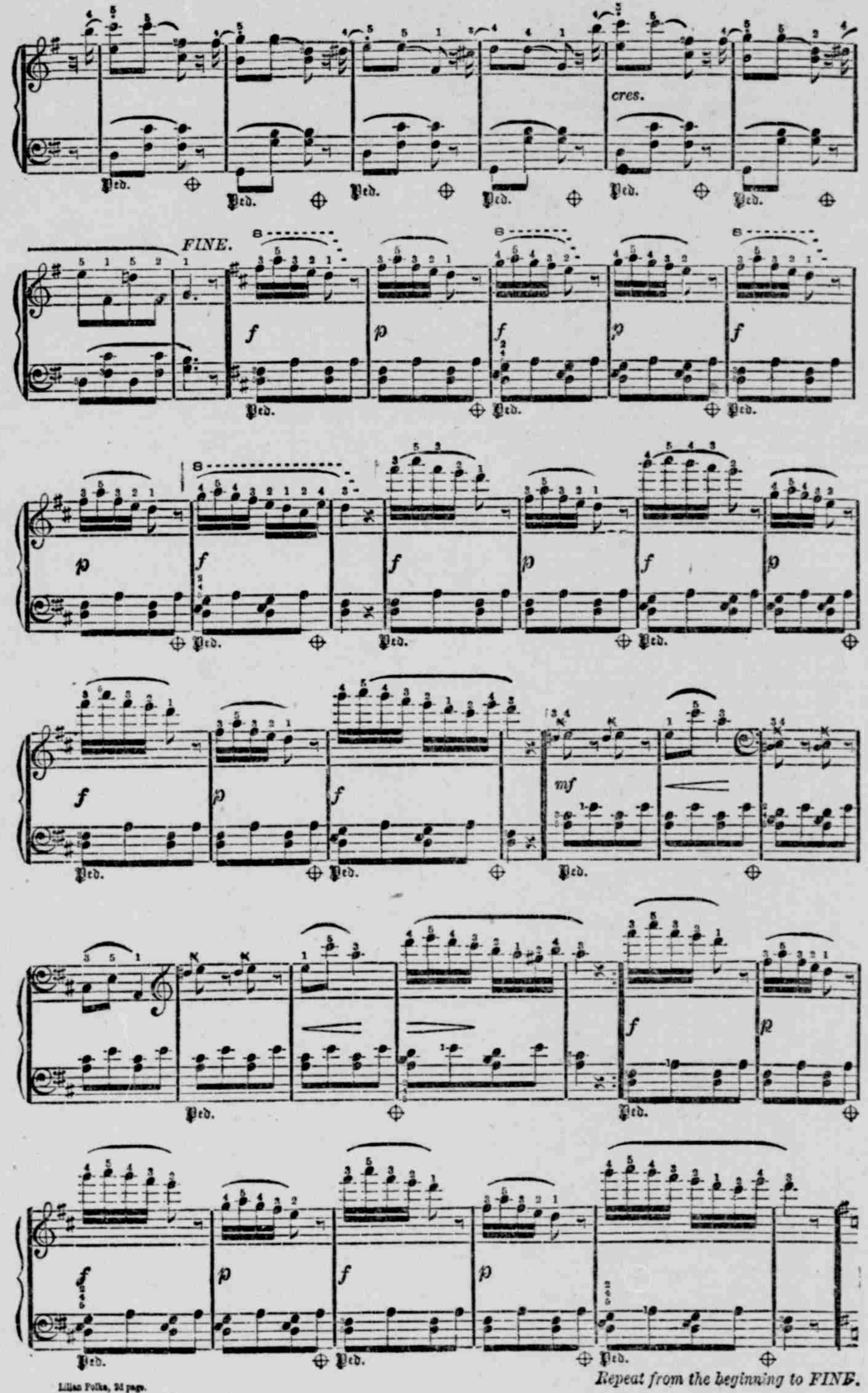
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READING FOR THE SABBATH.

Sunday-School Lesson for October 7, 1888.

THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA—Josh. 1, 9.

Golden Text—Stand, therefore, having your loins girded about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness.—Eph. vi, 14.

Mem.—Num. xxi, 12-23. Joshua's appointment.

Tues.—Exod. xvi, 1-10. Joshua's first battle.

Wed.—Num. xxi, 1-10. Joshua's courage and faith.

Thurs.—Deut. i, 22-38. Joshua's leadership.

Fri.—Deut. xxxi, 1-8. Joshua's encouragement.

Sat.—Isa. xli, 8-20. Joshua's faith in God.

Sun.—Isa. xlii, 1-7. Joshua's faith in God.

The democratic institutions and the desert life of Israel had developed a new and far harder people. The old life and courage of their wandering shepherd ancestors began to show themselves, and a race of soldiers was ready for a leader and for conquest. God had a man ready for the place. Of all the men outside of his own family Joshua had been nearest to Moses, sharing all his trials, knowing all his plans, and trusted by him in important military crises. He was "Moses' minister," or constant attendant. Though past eighty-five, he was in the prime of physical and mental strength. He had shared with the people over forty years of their bondage in Egypt, and had grown with the nation's growth in the forty years of the wanderings, and because of his pre-eminent fitness for it he was God's choice for the successor of Moses. Had a son of Moses been chosen, they would at once have had a hereditary and absolute monarchy; had the fiery and warlike Phinehas been chosen, they would have had a priest-governed nation. But with Joshua at the head, and the descendants of Aaron in the priesthood, they continued to be a religious democracy, where each man had the opportunity to gain the first places of power, and yet they enjoyed all the benefits of that ideal government—a genuine theocracy.

Joshua seems to have been a man of some- what self-distrustful and slow, but once seeing clearly his way, he showed the greatest leadership. The phrase is several times repeated, "Be strong and of a good courage—strong to resist and courageous to advance. Then follows the divine motives and conditions of success, the Lord's efforts to inspire Joshua and qualify him for his work.

The First Point—A clear view of the greatness of the possessions promised to Israel. It was a land worthy of conquest.

The Second Point—God's word and honor are involved in Joshua's success, for unto this people shall then devolve for an inheritance the land. This was God's own word, and a rock on which to build. You can have nothing better.

The Third Point—A faithful obedience of God's word, just as he has given it, is essential to success. Joshua was to observe to do according to all the law. He was to be a straight line of duty, and he was to turn not from it to the right hand or the left. To one who reads God's word in simplicity and faith the way is plain and straight.

The Fourth Point—The words and ways of the Lord were to be matters of constant conversation with others so that it should not depart out of his mouth. He was to meditate upon it day and night, that he might be in the spirit of doing according to all that is written. Men need to read and meditate, but there is an interest and courage born of talking about the truth.

The Fifth Point—The last motion was one to stir him to the depths. Have I not commanded thee? That is enough for a good man to know. For if God sends us on a duty, he will surely go with us wherever we need to go.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR TEACHERS.

Points to Study Up—1. When and how did Moses die? 2. What do we know about the river Jordan that they had to cross? 3. How many people were then in the tribes of Israel? 4. What is meant by "have I given unto you," in verse 3? 5. Where was Lebanon, and where the Euphrates? 6. What do we know about the Hittites? 7. Was any tribe able to stand before Joshua, and how do you harmonize with this the defeat of A. D. Did Joshua divide the land among the tribes? 8. What is meant by "the book of the law"?

Points for Class Talks—1. The immediate call of Joshua shows that sorrow and mourning for the dead are not to disqualify or excuse us from immediate duty and work. 2. "Arise and go over," the natural relaxation of our energies in sorrow; we need to arise from this rest and arouse ourselves. 3. "Thou and all this people" There are a great many weak and helpless ones in the church in all ages, that have to be carried and cared for. The active and the strong must have courage and strength enough to carry along four or five weaker ones. They had their women and children to care for. "Every place you tread upon have I given you." Some one had to go ahead and press the soil and raise the banner and possess the land in the name of the Lord. So our brothers are treading the soil of Africa and China and the islands of the sea, and the Lord has written down these lands to be among the possessions of the church for his Son. 4. "As I was with

Moses, so I will be with thee." How much is implied in that! What a mine of wealth and courage to work! 6. There is courage and a "good courage." Sometimes courage is born of excitement, and is a thing of impulse. Here we study the sources of "good courage," the courage that is cool, constant, strong.

The Two Methods.

E. V. Gerhart, D. D., in Treasury.

There are two methods of dealing with the depravity and wickedness of mankind. One is the method of Jesus, who went about doing good from supreme love, and to delight in, positive spiritual goodness; hating and condemning the corruption of society, not from bitterness of spirit toward bad men or from pleasure in condemning wrong, but from a recognition of the intrinsic dignity of men, though sinners, and from love to them as capable of being made the subjects of ideal goodness. The other method is prompted by the spirit of the world. It looks mainly at the depravity and sins of sinners, denounces wickedness in the spirit of denunciation, captures sin with a secret sense of personal superiority, and condemns men from the love of condemnation. This unchristian spirit finds its way into the pulpit; and not a few ministers expect to convert men of the world by trying sin, to deliver them from evil by exposing evil, and to turn them from wrong to right mainly by describing and condemning the wrong. This negative method, as I may properly call it, is contrary to the gospel method. Commonly it proves a failure. Even when followed by a measure of success it results in warped specimens of Christianity.

Opening the Heart.

I knew a little boy whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious:

"Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

She answered: "I'd say, 'Come in.'"

She then said to him: "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.'"

The next morning there was a brightness and joy about Robert's face that made my father ask:

"Robert, what makes you look so glad and joyful to-day?"

He replied, joyfully: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus Christ was still knocking at the door of my heart for admittance into it. I said to Him, 'Lord Jesus, come in!' I think He has come into my heart. I feel happier this morning than I ever was in all my life. How ungrateful and wicked in me to keep Him waiting outside so long!"

Have You a Boy to Spare?

The saloon must have boys, or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out, and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the noble game will dwindle. "Wanted—2,000,000 boys," is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? The minutar of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year; but the minutar of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great public institution that is helping to pay your taxes and kindly electing public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish, voting to keep the saloon open to grind up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?

Religious Notes.

This world is God's world, and all the nobility is for those who can find and feel it.—A. D. T. Whitney.

The American Israelite thinks that hell is a "purely Aryan institution," and that therefore there are no Jews there.

Something over three hundred religious and charitable institutions in New York city, whose object is to help the poor, receive and distribute annually about \$4,000,000.

Rev. John Carroll, of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, is said to be the oldest priest in the United States. He was ordained Jan. 20, 1820. He was born in Ireland in 1797.

The Boston Evangelical Alliance is making an effort to secure the restoration of "Sinton's Outline of English History" to the text-books used in the Boston public schools.

Evangelical Christendom, speaking of the Lambeth Conference of the Church of England and those in communion with it, says: "If half the real shown to fraternize with the corrupt churches of the East had been directed to the far more crying need of home reunion, there would have been more practical results from the Lambeth Conference of 1883."

Neither is moral nor religious, more than in physical and civil matters, do people willingly do anything suddenly or upon the instant.

They need a succession of like actions, whereby a habit may be formed; the things which they are to love, or to perform, they cannot conceive as insulated and detached. Whatever we are to repeat with satisfaction must not have become foreign to us.—Goethe.

The soul loses command of itself when it is impatient. Whereas, when it submits without a murmur, possesses itself, to peace, and God is with it. To be impatient is to desire what we have not, and not to desire what we have.

When we acquiesce in an evil it is no longer such. Why make a real calamity of it by resistance? Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.—Fenelon.

How very homely the Saviour's talk became with His disciples in consequence of His desire to cheer their hearts. Why, he talks, I have often thought, just in the way in which any one of us would have talked to our children when desirous to encourage them! There is nothing about the Saviour's language which makes you say to yourself, "What a grand speech! What a rhetorical! What an orator he is!" If any man makes you say that of him, suspect that he is off the lines a little. He is forgetting the true object of a loving mind, and is seeking to be a fine speaker, and to impress people with the idea that he is saying something very wonderful and saying it very grandly.—Spurgeon.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Rain at River-side.

The skies are gray where far and wide. Beyond the water-willows. The marshes spread their emerald tide. Of blossoms-crested willows. There is nothing about the Saviour's language which makes you say to yourself, "What a grand speech! What a rhetorical! What an orator he is!" If any man makes you say that of him, suspect that he is off the lines a little. He is forgetting the true object of a loving mind, and is seeking to be a fine speaker, and to impress people with the idea that he is saying something very wonderful and saying it very grandly.—Spurgeon.

And on the vague horizon's rim. In various purple masses. The distant woods show soft and dim. Across the lush green grasses.

An east wind stirs the ivy boughs. From the eaves of the old house. And hark! a hidden rain-bird calls. From out the blowing rushes.

Within the water under spray. Of pink alders flowers. Turn faint and pale, till not more gray. The cloudy heaven lowers.

And all the bladders' tender green. An asten hue is growing. While muffled with a silver sheen. The ruffled waves are flowing.

Then softly through the forest leaves. That turn, and toss, and quiver. The rain, with murmurous cadence, weaves A rhapsody in the river.

It dots the waves with dancing pearls. It gleams, and streams, and twinkles. It sweeps and sinks in silvery swirls. And rings, and sings, and links.

I drink its beauty like a dream. Till, after tidal falling. The sun lags sadly down the stream. And languid glances are sailing.

Where, southward, in a brilliant sky. The little moon curves, white and high. In token of fair weather.

—Evelyn Stein.

Charity.

A beggar died last night, his soul Went up to God, and said: "I am a low and poor degree, I did for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven: "Son, how can this thing be? Are not my saints on earth? and they Had surely succored thee."

"The saints, O Lord," the beggar said, "Live holy lives of prayer; How shall they know of such as we? We perish unaware."

"They strive to save our wicked souls. And fit them for the sky. Meanwhile, not having bread to eat, (Forgive) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spoke out of heaven. In wrath and angry pain. As when for whom Son hath died, My Son hath lived in vain!"

—Arthur Symonds, in the Woman's World.

Revelation.

Shall we know in the hereafter All the reasons that are hid? Does the butterfly remember What the caterpillar did? How he wallowed, toiled and suffered And became the chrysalis!

When we creep so slowly upward. When each day new burden brings. When we strive in vain to conquer Hind'ring sublimity things. When we wait, and toil, and suffer. We are working for our wings.

—Darius Dandridge.

The Surprise.

Joy met sorrow in a place Where the branches interlaced. Very secret, still, and sweet. Safe from all profaning feet. "Why art here?" Joy, startled, cried: "Why art here?"

"I came here to weep," said Joy; "Tears are ever my employ." Mournful Sorrow, "Yet I see Tears as grateful were to thee. Come, young novice, and be taught. How to ease thy heart's distress."

Joy sat down at Sorrow's feet. And was taught a lesson sweet. Pain would make him kind return: "Sorrow art too old to learn! Nay! 'Till tarry yet awhile. Till I've taught thee how to smile!"

Since that hour the two have been Bound as by mysterious ties: Tears and smiles, as they exchange Oftentimes a puzzled frown. Sometimes a puzzled frown. Source can tell the twin apart. —Edith Thomas.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

It is that which is blue. Than skies I used to see. Are bloom and beauty newer. Or is my vision true? Then once it used to be!

The robin's song came clearer. From yonder sunny height; And plainer, deeper, clearer. Look into his eyes, and see. While, as before the light.

The dusk and dark pass under. No doubts that wrapped me long. Begin to part and under. And I can be, I wonder. I feel the touch of song!

—Evelyn Stein.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Sand's Answer.

A poet and a king one day. Were in a garden walking. And as they wandered to and fro. They passed the time in talking.

Then spoke the king, "Behold this rose. From its heart perfume will flow. If it has no perfume, it is dead. At least 'tis good for nothing."

Of what use can a poet be? I faint would have thee tell it. Quick as flash the answer came. "And I am good to smell it!"

—Rowland Estes.

Only.

Something to live for came to the place. Something to die for, may be. Something to give even sorrow a grace. And yet it was only a baby!

Crying and laughing, and gurgles and cries. Dimples for tender kisses. Chances of hope, and of rapture and sighs. Chances of fears and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn; This year a wilderness, may be. But heaven presided over the roof on the morn. That it brought forth only a baby.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Home-Maker.

No Conductor.

She waved her graceful hand to me. And glanced and nodded as I passed. I'm of a low and poor degree. And with the proudest set is classed.

And yet she waved her hand to me. Fair hand, which scores have vainly sought— And frowned, yes flushed, perchance, to see That I passed on and heeded not.

At her beck's some would go or die. But I am not as others are. She waived her hand; no heed took I. But guided on my hobnob car.

—Lila.

A Very Old Lady.

Mr. Will Harden furnishes the Atlanta Constitution with the following description of his great-great-grandmother:

Nancy Couch, who is about 120 years old, is my great-great-grandmother. She lives in Jasper county with her granddaughter, Mrs. Locella Holloway, who is about eighty years old. She is just as spry, lively and quick as most women of fifty-nine or sixty, and when I saw her last week she was as healthy, pretty, and young as most of the women around. You can't tell that she is so old, as she is lively and young-looking, but when you talk to her of her childhood, it looks as if you are hearing about the creation. She just knows lots that would interest everybody, and they tried to get her to go to the centennial in Philadelphia, but she would not go, as she did not want to play the part of a nanny.

End Complexions Need

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REV. FREDERICK S. HUNTINGTON.

Life and Character of the Man Who Would Have Been Pastor of Mayflower Church.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

As Rev. Frederick S. Huntington was so soon to become a citizen of Indianapolis, as pastor of the Mayflower Church, it will be of interest to his friends of that church and to others outside of it, who knew Mr. Huntington, to quote somewhat at length from the published accounts of his life and work. The following extracts are from the Zion Herald and the Hampshire Gazette:

A career of bright promise in the ministry was cut short by the death, on Sept. 4, by typhoid fever, at Amherst, Mass., of Rev. Frederick S. Huntington, a nephew of Bishop Huntington, and a brother of Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University. Mr. Huntington was a graduate of the State University of Wisconsin, and of the School of Theology, Boston University.

From 1878 to 1880 Mr. Huntington served with great acceptance the "Church of the Incarnation," in Brooklyn, N. Y., of the Reformed Episcopal denomination.

Gen. Stewart L. Woodford was an ardent friend and parishioner of Mr. Huntington during his pastoral life.

Dr. Theodore L. Child and Dr. Joseph T. Burpee were his neighbors and personal friends, giving him cordial fellowship and encouragement.

In 1880 he joined his older brother for a year's study and travel in Europe. At the University of Bonn he met and formed a friendship with Dr. Christianlieb, often visiting him upon his walks, as well as listening to his lectures and university sermons with great profit as a faithful student. His studies were all in the line of his ministerial work, to which he had consecrated his life. A part of the same year was spent at the University of Gottingen, where he took a course of lectures by Professor Bernhard Weiss, which was a year of varied experiences.

In the old world, having gained a mastery of the German language, and having taken deep draughts from the fountain of history, theology and philosophy, he returned with new vigor and enthusiasm to the work of the ministry. Since his graduation from the School of Theology, he has been pursuing steadily a course of philosophical reading, as provided by Boston University, for the degree of doctor of philosophy (Ph. D.). This degree he had gained, having read all but one or two of the required works.

Mr. Huntington was possessed of unusual social qualities which gained him friends everywhere, and soon endeared him to the pulpit he served. His term of service was about closing when the deadly typhoid fever, which he had contracted in Europe, overcame him. He was to have gone to a promising Congregational Church in Indianapolis, but a more commanding voice called him to the aid of the service which he beyond all earthly interests and bounds.

While he felt himself possessed of powers that might have had a larger scope, he was never a discontented worker among the hills. He threw himself heartily into the interests of the parish, whether it was planting trees to adorn the public way, or planting a library to inform and elevate the public mind. He was foremost in the enterprise, ready to labor and to give for the general good of his people. Bishop Fallows spoke very truly in his memorial address of the life and work of Mr. Huntington, saying that his chief characteristics by which he is known and remembered, his love of nature, his love of human nature, his love for study, his love for truth, his love for souls, his love for Christ. Certainly each one of these distinctive affections helped to make up the richness and beauty of this noble man. And such a character moving freely through the family and parochial life of Worthington for five years could not fail to be a wonderful stimulus and blessing.

Those who have been with Frederick Huntington in the deep and solemn experiences through which his soul has passed into its final victory know well that the secret spring from which his own abundant and fruitful vitality was fed was nothing less full and quickening than his Savior's blood.

The "Passage of the Apocalypse" have been in my mind," he said, a few hours before he died. In response to a question as to the firmness of his faith upon that death-bed, he replied, "I have preached Christ too long and lived too close to Him not to trust Him now." With eyes undimmed by tears, and with smiles and rejoicing in face and voice, he passed into rest and triumph.

We trust we violate no propriety in quoting the following expressive sentences from a private note from his brother, Dean Huntington:

"Our dear Fred has been taken to the other world, after a short and severe conflict with typhoid fever. Only thirty-six years old, engaged to be married to a beautiful young woman of Worthington, just closing his five years of successful ministry to the Worthington flock, about to be settled over a promising church in Indianapolis, he seemed to be rising to the full zenith of his powers and entering into the richest period of his earthly life. But, with a full consciousness of all these things, he welcomed the announcement on Tuesday that he could not recover. Smiles and not shadows were constantly upon his face. He lived freely and fully of all the duties of his

with parish and loved ones, dwelt on the high companionship of friends on earth; looked with enraptured face into the near realities of heaven.

"I am a broken staff," he said, and yet a good many ministers die young. Some one then said to him, "You do not regret having preached, do you?" "Oh, no," was his quick reply, and I a thousand times, I would give them all to the ministry." He seemed to lift us a wondrous company of loving kindred—into a holy mount, and after giving us messages of celestial inspiration, waved his thin hand and bade us "good-by."

"We have done his bidding—'Plant me on the hill-side, among my trees, and near my flock,' he said. 'Then added, 'No black, no crane, only flowers, emblems of immortality. Palm leaves and rarest blossoms were showered about his casket in choicest designs, tributes from loving friends far and near. His grave was lined with delicate ferns from the mountain side, and with the golden-rod he loved."

Bishop Huntington and President Scipio attended the funeral services at the house on the 7th. The college quartet sang, from an upper room, the selections "O Paradise" and "Lead, Kindly Light."

Rev. J. L. Jenkins, of Pittsfield, conducted the services in the Worthington Church, and Bishop Fallows, a brother-in-law of the deceased, gave the memorial address.

Chevalier Dougherty's Blunder.

Washington Post.

Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of New York, a transplanted flower from Philadelphia's bar who is now being nourished in the rich warm soil of Tammany Hall, returned home last night, on a very polite man. He was standing in the East Room watching the Wild West combination shake hands with the President, when a nice-looking Virginia young lady, from up Louisiana was somewhere, said audibly, "Oh, I wish I could shake Mr. Cleveland's hand, too."

The gallant Dougherty turned and said: "Why, certainly, my dear, just fall into line with these people. The President won't know the difference."

"He won't, will he?" said the young lady, sharply, glancing at his dress. "Well, if he can't tell me from a Mexican, or a cowboy or a wild Indian, I don't want to shake hands with him."

Mr. Cleveland will be able to understand why Harrison polls such a heavy vote in Loudoun county in November.

Attacked the Wrong Texas Woman.

Bandera Eagle.

A tall, slender-built man, masked and with a red handkerchief round his neck suddenly appeared on the gallery of the residence of George A. Hay, on the head of the Sabinal. Mrs. Hay, a daughter of Mr. Gibbons, ordered him away, and was answered: "D—d if I do. I've come to have what's in the house. I want to have it or burn it." Armed with a Winchester, Mrs. Hay snapped it at his breast, when he closed with her, saying: "Darned if you are not a brave one. And with his knife he cut her across the forehead to the skull and cut her in the shoulder. Mrs. Hay knocked him down with the gun, meanwhile threw a cartridge into the barrel, and while she was setting up shot him in the shoulder, ran into the house for another cartridge, came out, but by this time the dogs were on him and had torn one of the legs off his pants. He managed to get on his horse, and while he rode away Mrs. Hay fired again, but owing to the blood in her eyes, does not know whether she hit him or not.

Trying to Solve the Labor Problem.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Paris philanthropist induced a number of generous merchants, manufacturers and tradespeople to take into their employment such unemployed men as he should send with letters of recommendation. Then he advertised for men out of work, got together a great throng, talked to them of the dignity of labor, the blessings of economy, the dangers of intemperance, and then directed them to call for letters of recommendation which would put them in the way of getting work at the minimum rate of eighty cents a day. Immediately more than half of his throng of 727 unemployed men disappeared, and that was the last he saw of them. Of the remainder, some took letters and never presented them; some worked half a day and then wanted the wages of that time, and at the end of three days only eighteen men were at their posts, and those were all genuine artisans and laborers.

Southern Hyperbole.

Philadelphia Record.

Talking of Robert E. Lee, the other day, a Southern Congressman said that he was the subject of two of the finest phrases of eulogy he had ever read or heard. One, which he quoted, was from Ben Hill's oration, when he said in his climax that Lee was "like Caesar without his ambition, like Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward"—the last clause summing up the whole Southern feeling towards Lee. The other quotation was from a panegyric on Lee, delivered by Col. Richard Wirt, of Kentucky, at a dinner party, when he said of Lee that "going to heaven he relieved Washington of his eternal loneliness."

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